

DANDELION IN THE WIND

by Andrew “Change” Huang

fleece dandelion tufts whisk in the wind;
they arrive with the misty morning breeze.
they arch high and low; they flitter afflind—
making firm memories before they leave.

when fleece dandelions tuft to the wind,
young seeds eagerly fare the airy cruise;
their bristles tumble, fall, ascend, and spin—
slightly coursing in the sky-thrilling blue.

dandelions—fleece tufts—in whisking wind
soon leave behind the gold flowers of may!

then mislaid drifters by a sendoff breath—
the same light kiss posts without a delay—
journey far from fields without any rest.
yet they leave, but the gold flowers of may.

each day is a new scene the farther out.
gone fleecy seeds dip with a bouncy sway—
bracing themselves for the long windy route.
they leave again the gold flowers of may.